

Cup of Mephistopheles

The Faceless

I found a place where nothing can touch me
It seemed so perfect, so unbelievable
Nothing affects me, no one to rush me
When I'm laying in my six foot hole

When did my heaven become this f*cking hell?
I quenched my voracity
Indulging myself from the cup of Mephistopheles
An efficacious potion of a puissant poison
Like the sirens' call
Its brilliance and allure are a glittering path to revel in a decadent, sick
compulsion

I returned to the chalice to drink again
Enduring a taste so bitter for the sweetest sin
Its virulence has corroded my soul
So desperately begging for completion
Toilsome and arduous, backbreaking it is to console (console, console, conso
le)
One who comes face to face with their own depletion

Living is what scares me
Dying is easy
Living is what scares me
Dying is easy
Living is what scares me
Dying is easy

When did my heaven become this f*cking hell?

This paradise comes at a price
So you'll suffer well in a private hell
This paradise comes at a price
So you'll suffer well in a private hell

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There's a monster somewhere inside
I keep him at bay
I keep him denied
When he wants to come and play
It possesses me when my strength is rendered thin
It caresses me when I'm reveling in sin

I found a place where nothing can touch me
When my strength is rendered thin
It seemed so perfect, so unbelievable
When I'm reveling in sin
Nothing affects me, no one to rush me
When my strength is rendered thin
When I'm laying in my six foot hole
When did my heaven become this f*cking hell?